

(9) Yes, after four years of courtship (there was a total of eight), I peeped through a window. She was tatting, he reading. Time passed—she put down her tatting, put his book down, and they fondly and sweetly kissed. She tried to bribe me, but I awakened the household.

(10) Lacy, a good cook long before her marriage, made beautiful biscuits for her groom. He lost a front tooth on one of them.

(11) This gang has taken trips to Florida, New York, Hawaii, Seattle, Arizona, California, etc.

DEAR EM AND BELL

March 8, 1971 (early). Last night as we went to see Don and Wally in the hospital, Lacy once more asked me for a tribute to you two for your birthdays on a neutral date, March 27th. Well, it failed. It started out that way in my head, but it came out as a tribute to our family love.

Dear Family:

Between your birthdays, Em and Bell
'Ere Lacy "slips away,"
She's bid us come and say farewell,
Her turn's just any day.

Unselfish Lacy took offense
When Lew stepped out of line.
The rest of us just wouldn't dare—
Her quote, "next call is mine."

Our average age is sixty-nine,
Our quota "three score ten."
Let's love and love this final year—
Each borrowed year—again.

All born in horse and buggy days,
Each is a pioneer,
Our model T??—Donna was three—
Lacy expecting—hear?

All "home-born" with a midwife's care
But Little Don, the pet.
All loved and welcomed—loved and loved—
I well remember yet

Ma's heavenly smile and sweet, sweet voice
As we were welcomed still,
And melted gently into one
According to His will.

In modesty we'd get to see
Each baby nurse her breast.
From tiny hand and gurgles grand
She'd get her thanks, the best!

There'd be a halo 'round her head,
And we'd feel Father's pride,
And we'd know virtue gave us birth,
And we'd feel good inside.

Then we'd know heaven's royalty
And we'd feel heaven's good.
Unknowingly we'd recognize
The "crown of motherhood."

All seekers of the "Holy Grail"
Who crave Celestial Glory grand,
Here or hereafter needs must search
The mysteries of "diaperland."

A FEW MEMORIES OF LEW AND MARGARET AUGUST 7, 1972

Dear Dee:

It is a pleasure to be asked to write a few lines about your Dad. I fear most of what I might remember will not be new to you. He is a most interesting subject.

When a very little boy he tried to keep the "flies" in the "box." The bees could not be kept in the hive and little Lew

was almost a casualty. Aunt Vi helped Ma pick out many, many stingers from a sad victim. As a result of this great poisoning of his system, he suffered each springtime, a very serious rash and sick spell until he was through his teens or thereabout. Of course, I was not at the stinging, but suffered with him in the annual hangover. Lacy's report will be first hand.

When Ray Olpin and I got drunk on Uncle Bert's hard cider (vinegar in the making) Lew should have been, the next day when I was coming to, killed, as he teased me as my head was bursting and I wanted to die. (We were eight).

Lew was quite an Edison. One of our very laborious tasks was to turn the washer for Ma on wash day—a hated institution. At last the city water system was installed and we had a hydrant, set in a cement platform, only about a rod from the kitchen door. (It had been a mile with horse drawn water cart to the artesian wells down by the depot). "Edison" made a water wheel that turned the washer with the force of the hydrant. This served well, with exceptions, until electricity took over. (Some of his inventions were not so successful).

When LuJean and Ted were nearing a year, the four of us took them fishing out to Strawberry. We rented a boat and hired a guide and brought our limits of large, wonderful native trout. We camped in the shade of some aspen trees just over Daniels Summit. (The trees are still there.) Lew and Margaret slept in the green Model T truck (because Margaret was afraid of snakes) and we slept on our spring, folding sides cot, under the trees. The truck and cot were both equipment that belonged to Lew and me. Travel in those days, before even gravel roads, was very dirty, and the girls had to have baths. We found a well-willowed place on Daniels Creek and each couple bathed while the other couple tended the babies. Aren't you glad that your parents were clean?

A word about that spring cot. Lew and I bought it, long before we were married, to sleep out and to often take on peddling trips and outings. At the time this bed was

purchased we agreed that the first one married would "inherit" the cot. While we were in the sealing room in the temple, Violet reminded us of this fool cot and we got the giggles. She and I were called up first so the prize was ours. (But we all used it for some years after).

Before our marriage, Lew and I often went south to peddle fruit and stayed several days while Father would have the crops picked and shipped to us on the train. On these trips we would take dress-up clothing and go to dances and on dates. It was fun.

While Lew was teaching school in Minersville he often visited Della and Chase, his old New Zealand pals, in Beaver. Margaret and Adamsville entered the picture. I got an SOS, I must meet and approve the one and only! He would come up in his swanky new '21 Buick Roadster and we would go to Beaver for the big Thanksgiving Dance. I would meet HER and he'd have a date for me. We did. A wet snowstorm had us stuck dozens of times. We had to hire a team to pull us out of mud in Clear Creek Canyon. We had to put on chains going up Wildcat. We ran out of gas there. We got to Beaver about nine o'clock and the tub and hotel room were mine while he went to see Margaret. Boy! That was a good bath and bed! When he got home he was gushy and superlative, but I was sleepy.

Next day (Thanksgiving) we had a good ride around Beaver, Beaver Canyon, etc., with our girls. (Mine was Marie McGregor, a doctor-stake president's daughter from St. George. She was attending Murdock Academy in Beaver and was engaged to a missionary). We went to a wonderful dance at the academy (in the mouth of Beaver Canyon). I liked Marie and I liked your mother, so I guess our hardships were not wasted.

Lew was always a very hard worker. He loved to work himself, me and the horses. Once while the folks were in Salt Lake City to April Conference, he decided it was time to haul the winter manure pile out on the fields. I protested, but to no avail. Across the wagon from him I was trying hard to pitch the wet, heavy manure. Was it my fault that on a

vigorous pitch a tine of my fork caught the wagon tire, and my soggy load hit Lew in the face? He thought it was! I ran out of the open corral gate and up the lane where as he overtook me I dropped in the snow tripping him. On the return chase I didn't have time to turn toward the house, but ran down the other side of the corral where hydrant overflow had made ice. I hit the board fence with my hands and made a very quick right turn. He tried to turn on the ice to head me off, slipped and crashed his tailbone into a fence post and then lay still. By now I was not without support. My "fire siren screams" had brought Lacy and Bell from the house and Florence Harper from next door. Everybody was on my side, and it served Lew right, even though he was still down and still spitting out fertilizer. The girls took me to the house, and Lew, after recovering, hauled nitrogen for some time by himself.

Once while spraying trees for Dick Wadley in Manilla, it was time for lunch. We unhitched the horses and Lew led them through the peach orchard, next to the apples, toward our supplies. Roy and I were following. Roy, then the baseball star in the making, picked a sizeable peach (green and hard) and threw a strike hitting Lew on the spine. Lew fell like a dead ox. I guess it hit a nerve just right. We were all quite frightened for a little while until Lew recovered.

Roy was our driver. Well, the noise of the spray engine made it so he could not hear we "hose-nozzlemen" when we tried to give orders, so we invented the novel idea of turning a stream (300 pounds pressure) on him when we needed to point instructions. Pa caught us at it, and as Dick Marsh says, "That was that."

Wilford Warnick's orchard in Manilla was just west of the house. The privy sat along the first row of trees in this lovely, well-kept orchard. One day while spraying there I felt the full force of Lew's spray stream. Roy was not the only one that got shot. We always signaled each other that way, but Dad didn't object to that. Well, Lew pointed to a kid (Ray Pulley, who worked for and lived with the Warnicks, and is now a very successful and dignified man) some 12 years old who was heading from the house to the privy a little ahead of Lew's work. They had been cleaning out the outhouse, and

the service clean-out door was still up about a foot. I just might have missed a few apples as we approached the little edifice, but I saw Lew give a charming, graceful and thorough underseat application with his full 300 pounds. Above the engine noise I heard the heels on the clapboards. The door burst open and the kid ran madly down the house trail pulling up his well-saturated trousers.

Dee, I have so enjoyed writing this, that at the urging of Violet and June I am sending you the copy and putting the original in my book of poetry. I hope your family will enjoy it as much as we have.

Love,
Uncle Joe

REPENTANCE AND FORGIVENESS
FILLMORE, UTAH
SEPTEMBER 18, 1971

That Culmer girl and Roy Dee
Mis-timed their honeymoon;
They chose a family party day
To pet and smooch and swoon.

"A family bath" was just a must!
(They weren't even dirty)
But Cupid put it in their hearts
And Aunt Arlene was flirty.

Lew drew the straw to wield the pan—
Ice water to the brim;
Ma ruled "a bandage for his eyes"
You never could trust him!

Her "baby boy" would close his eyes
As he unlocked the door
And threw it wide, and then kersplash!
And screams—and plenty more!!

I think Lew kept his blindfold straight,
I kept my zippers tight
The girls and Ma were not fenced in
I'll bet it was a sight.

Arlene got mad—Roy didn't dare,
I'm sure Ace wasn't there!
I think Lon Hansen had a frown
Now we're ashamed—we care!

For Angel Ma and Cherub Lew
We now apologize,
In sackcloth and at least one Ash
Please try to realize

That we poor mortals too repent,
(We've grown up many miles)—
With "milk of kindness" please forgive
And let us see two smiles.

LOVE TO ROY ON HIS 65TH BIRTHDAY

Dear Roy:

Welcome to the "rocking chair"
Legislation put us there
Feeble, faltering sixty-five—
But, we think you're still alive.

All the rest of us turned grey
Long before we hit that day—
Ed and Ine and Joe and Ace,
Lew and Ray and May and Lace.

But, we've whispered (on the side)
"Arlene has some brew to hide.
It gets darker year by year,
There's some secret, never fear!"

But that don't explain your youth—
Love for sports and search for truth,
How you love the down and out,
Preach their funerals, cure their gout,

Laugh with old "unrighteous May,"
Kid him close to Heaven's way.
Love old Viv LaMont and me
Just as much as Elder Lee.

Poor old Ponce de Leon
Missed youth's fountain and went on
But you find it at each turn,
Quench your thirst and learn and learn.

When that roaming, spending pair
(Culmer and that millionaire)
Bought Alaska, Bancok, too,
You just smiled and said, "I do."

When the bank account gets rough
And there's bills to pay, and stuff
You can cultivate our squash
And your soybeans help you—gosh!

And when all is said and done
You're successful! You have won!
You have tuned your troubles out
(That's what ball games are about).

Love,
Joe

You may need an explanation or two:

When this was presented Roy and Arlene both once more
claimed that there is no secret dark hair. Lacy spoke up and
said, "You can't kid us." We all had a good laugh.

"Preach their funerals." At the funeral of almost every
drunk, apostate, down and outer, etc., Roy is asked to be a
speaker. Quite a compliment I think.

In verse 5—"Unrighteous May"—is an old, close friend of
Roy's (and mine) that claims this title, and any other that is
funny. He is a most clever and loveable person. The rest of
this verse means that Roy loves his neighbors and relatives
just as much as the general authorities who often visit him.
We are all his buddies.

In verse 7—Arlene and Ileen (owner and operator of two
cafes in Fillmore, sweet, charming lady and very good
friend) recently went to Bancok, via Alaska with Owen's

wife, Jan, to see a ballet. Arlene told me that they spent all of their money in Alaska, their first stop, and had to induce a Japanese bishop in Japan to cash checks for them that they might continue their spending spree.

ACE BOULTER'S 2ND CHILDHOOD MARRIAGE JANUARY 4, 1975

Ace met a fine widow in the Manti Temple and married her after a whirlwind courtship. Both said, "No gifts," but we brothers and sisters of Emma had to do something. After days of thinking, Joe came up with a bright idea. "Give them a \$20.00 gold coin (it would likely cost \$25 or \$30) and play Gold Rush.

Dear Ace and Bernell:

Darlings, you are growing old
"You have everything," we're told,
But, your haste for "romance mush"
Brings to mind this "golden rush."

You have everything, we're told
But, we bet you 'aint got gold.
Spend it, eat it, hoard it down,
Have a night upon the town.

Ace gives out his wicked pinch
Like you'd tightened up his cinch,
Like he'd had too many oats
Then he smiles and gloats and gloats.

As you drive your endless miles
Try to understand our smiles—
We can have the self-same looks
From our memories and our books.

We can ride and we can share
From the comfort of our chair
And be home for our good beds
Nothing tired, but our heads.

Note: At this time Guy came in. We read the above and he smiled and told us that a \$20.00 gold coin would cost about \$250.00 if found at a collector's. He called both banks—BOOM! went my bright idea.

P.S. Two Days Later. (The day before the marriage.)

We couldn't even buy that "twenty,"
Banks said, "If found it'll cost you plenty.
Although your idea is cute
Looks like you'll have to substitute."

Well

Miners since the times of old
Have chased the rainbow for FOOL'S GOLD!

Donna and Lacy made up a clever Fool's Gold brick package and presented it.

SINGLE VERSE ABOUT UNCLE ACE'S LOVE FOR TRAVELING

Just like Nixon this guy loves to roam
From his "white house" to that other home
If they limit this freak
To ten gallons a week
He'll blow out the fuse in his dome.

When they tried to limit Ace and the rest of us in the United States to ten gallons of gasoline a week in the oil pinch—1974.

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER MOTHER'S DAY MAY 10, 1959

Dear Violet—Your Springtime

You brought to our temple wedding
All the gifts the Lord intended,
Self-earned nurses' education—
Hope for married life unended.